Qu. Say then who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Maddam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt aquainted with her humor,
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Maddam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometimes *Margret*
Did to my Father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldeſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchace with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly in orce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her Soueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loths ſuch Soueraignty.

King.

Kin. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely told
Kin. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine, and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile,
Kin. Maddam your reaſons are too ſhallow and
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead: (q
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake,
Kin. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown
Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonou'd, and the third vſurped
Kin. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath loſt his holy honour:
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt diſgrac't his Kingly dignity,
If nothing thou wilt ſweare to be beleeued,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong
Kin. Now by the world.
Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Kin. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonour'd.
Kin. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſed.
Kin. Why then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnity the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now my brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender playfellows for duſt,
Thy broken faith had made a prey for wormes.
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd, in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt wrong'd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaugh